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Phantastes Chapter 16: Life and the Ideal

Friedrich Von Schiller

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Life and the Ideal

By Friedrich von Schiller

Eternally clear and pure and even
Flow the celestial life
In Olympus the blessed there.
Moons change and genders flee;
Your gods' youth roses are blooming
Immutable in eternal ruin.
Between sense happiness and peace of mind
If only the anxious choice remains for man;
On the forehead of the tall uranium
Shine her married beam.

Do you want to resemble gods on earth,
Be free in the death rich,
Do not break from his garden's fruit!
On the note, the gaze may gloat;
Delights convertible pleasures
Avenge the desire to escape.
Even the styx, which wraps around nine times,
Does not resist the return Ceres' daughter;
After the apple grabs it, and it binds
Eternal to Orcus duty.

Only the body is suitable for those powers
Who plait the dark fate;
But free of any time force,
The playmate of blessed natures
Walks up in the light hallways,
Divine among gods, the figure.
Do you want to float high on their wings,
Throw away the fear of the earthly from you!
Flee from the narrow, dull life
In the Ideal Empire!

Teen, of all earth colors
Free, in perfection rays
Hover here humanity gods image,
Like phantoms, silent of life
Shining on the Stygian stream,
As she stood in the heavenly field,
Marriage to the sad sarcophagus
The immortal descended.

If in life still of the fight Libra
Varies, here appears the victory.

Not from the fight to de-link the limbs,
To refresh the exhausted
Wehet here the victory fragrant wreath.
Powerful, even when your sinews rested,
Tear your life in its floods,
Your time in their swirl dance.
But the boldness of bold wings sinks
At the barrier of embarrassing feeling,
Then, from the beauty, sees hills
Joyfully, the goal that has been achieved.

When it comes to rule and shield,
Fighters against fighters storm
On the luck, on the glory track,
Boldness may shatter,
And with a cracking roar the cars
Mixing up on a pollinated plan.
Courage alone can win the thanks,
Waving at the Hippodrome's goal,
Only the strong will force fate,
When the weakling sinks.

But the one, enclosed by cliffs,
Wild and foaming poured
Gentle and just flow of life flow
By the beauty of silent shadowlands,
And on his waves silver edge
Malt Aurora herself and Hesperus.
Dissolved in delicate changing love,
United in grace, free covenant,
Rest here the reconciled drives,
And gone is the enemy.

If to enliven the dead,
With the material to marry
Actually the genius burns,
There's a lot of diligence,
And persistently wrestling
The thought itself the element.
Only to the seriousness, which does not trouble,
Roars the truth deeply hidden Born;
Only the chisel heavy blow softened
The grain's brittle grain.

But penetrates into the beauty sphere,
And in the dust the weight remains
Back with the stuff she controls.
Not wrested painfully from the mass,
Slim and light, jumping out of nowhere,
Is the picture in front of the delighted look.
All doubt, all struggles are silent
In the victory of high security;
It has ejected every witness
Human neediness.

If you are traitor nakedness in humanity
Is before the law size,
When the saint comes to blame,
Because pale before the truth beams
Your virtue, the ideal
Despond to the embarrassed act.
No creator has achieved this goal;
About this ghastly gullet
Does not carry a boat, no bridge bow,
And no anchor finds reason.

But escape from the senses
In the freedom of thought,
And the fearfulness is gone,
And the eternal abyss will fill up;
Receive the deity in your will;
And she rises from her world throne.
The law's strict bond binds
Only the sense of slavery that spurns it;
With man's resistance disappears
Also of God's majesty.

When humanity embraces suffering,
If there Priam's son of the snakes
Warded off with nameless pain,
Outrage man! It strike
At the sky vaulting his suit
And tear your feeling heart!
Nature's terrible voice triumphs,
And the cheek blush turns pale,
And the holy sympathy lies
The immortal in you!

But in the serene regions,

Where the pure forms live,
Noises of the jammers dull storm no longer.
Here, pain must not cut through the soul,
No tear flows here more to suffering,
Only the spirit of brave resistance.
Lovely, like the iris color fire
On the thunder cloud, dewy dew,
Through the melancholy gloomy veil shimmers
Here the calm cheerful blue.

Deep down to the cowardly servants,
Went in eternal battle
Once Alcid of life heavy train,
Rank with Hydern and hug 'the Leuen,
Rushed to liberate the friends,
Living in the Totenschiffer Kahn.
All plagues, all earth burdens
Wraps the unforgiving goddess List
On the willing shoulders of the hated,
Until his run is over -

Until the god, undressed of the earthly,
Flammend separates from humans
And the ether drinks light airs.
Glad of new, unfamiliar levitation,
Does he flow upward, and earthly life
Heavy dream image sinks and sinks and sinks.
The Olympus received harmonies
The Transfiguration in Kronion's hall,
And the goddess with the rose cheeks
Give him the trophy with a smile.